

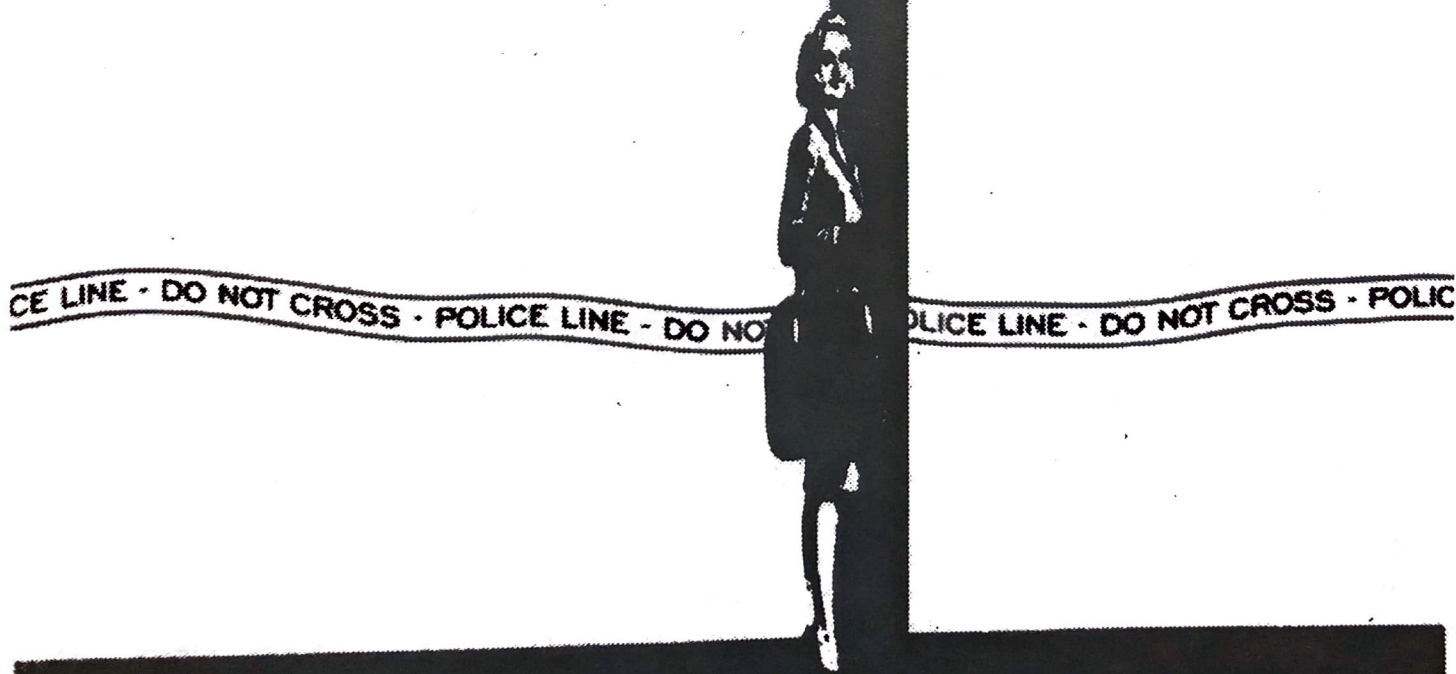


For 53 St & 14 St
Mon-Fri
Take any train to 34 St
Jump down, turn
around pick a ball
of cotton



**Downtown
& Brooklyn**

The Omen



The Omen

Volume 7, Number 2
February 9, 1996

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Neil Golden
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Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which include just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), or Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?

"Small Fries, Big Mac™!"

-RUN-D.M.C.

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Mmm... Root Canal...

I now believe in divine intervention.

Here's the deal: I went to the dentist at U-Mass to have a check-up and a cleaning. It's been an embarrassingly long time since I've done that, and I felt that it was about time I go. So I go there.

The person who did the check-up was (now, this isn't confirmed) an S&M Neo-Nazi. How was I tipped off? She brought me in the room and said, "Welcome, Jew. Are you here to have fillinks removed?" (Relax, I'm Jewish, I've read Elie Wiesel, studied the holocaust — not that these things should matter, yadda, yadda, yadda.) Just kidding. The real tip-off was when she started poking around and saying, "You need to brush around your gums better, like this... you really have to dig into them, like this... little sharp strokes, like this... they'll bleed when you do this for the first couple of days, like this... but then you'll be used to it." Gak.

At least one of us was having some fun. Even though it was at my expense, I was in no position to argue. She also flossed for me. That just felt odd; I haven't figured out why yet, I'll get back to you on that one. Actually, it was probably because she was not

only running the floss back and forth across my teeth, but she was doing it to the gums as well. Ouch.

Things are going fine. They take some x-rays. A little cavity here, they're not concerned. "Wait a second, can we get another x-ray of that?" Oh, crap. "You've got a bad bacterial infection in there, you're going to need a root canal." D'oh, crap, d'oh, crap, crap, crap! "You should get it as soon as possible." Ffffff..., ffff..., ffffff....

So, I scheduled the root canal at this little place two blocks away from the Shawmut in Amherst Center.

The big day arrives. I'm terrified. I go to this quaint little house where the dentist is. I go inside. I hear drilling. Not dentist drilling, construction worker drilling. This is not the type of general atmosphere I need. I'd call it foreshadowing, but I knew what was coming next. (Or did I? oooooh-weeee-eeee-oooooh)

I swear the place was three times larger on the inside than the outside. It was also the fanciest place I've ever seen. Get this... the bathroom lights turned on automatically when you walked in. I was actually late to my appointment because I spent an hour looking for the little guy

who turned the lights on and off. I guess it must be difficult doing that and working the refrigerator simultaneously. Everything was shiny, new, and pleasant. It was genuinely disturbing to go into a shack and find a mansion. It was like going into Hampshire Health Services and finding the medical equivalent of Disneyworld inside.

Anyway, they take some x-rays when I get there. Fifteen minutes later Dr. Piech (he was a real pe... nah, you saw that coming, forget it) came in and sat down.

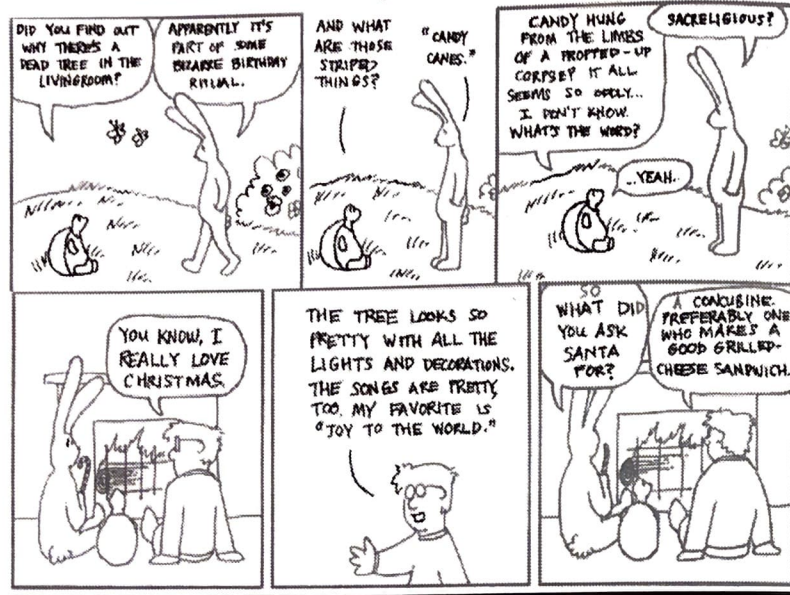
"I was looking at this x-ray and I noticed that you might not need a root canal." I'm sorry, can you repeat that to one of my conscious personalities? The one you were talking to just passed out.

"So, I'm just going to start digging here. If I see the nerve exposed, I'll do a root canal, if not, I'll just fill it." WOO-HOO!!!

Dr. Piech started drilling... and drilling... and drilling. It felt like he stopped when he reached my eyes. "Well, there's still a solid layer of tooth over the nerve, so I'm just going to put some medicine in there and fill

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Milkweed by Neil Golden



More Root Canal

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it up.” I like this guy. I like him a lot.

“You see, a root canal is like being pregnant, you either need one or you don’t, or you are or not.” What the hell was this guy talking about? I was given Novocain, not smack, right? “You might need a root canal, maybe in two weeks, maybe in ten years, who knows. You definitely don’t need one right now.” Yaaaaaaay!!! (Mind you I ignored everything else besides the “maybe in ten years” part, and of that I focused on the “maybe not” that was implied in the “maybe”,



No, please, no!

and then the “not” in “maybe not”.)

I was the happiest guy (and the most Novocained guy) who ever left a dentist’s office. As for the divine intervention thing, well, I still don’t believe in that crap.

...Or it could be that I’m the righteous man, the dentist is the shepherd and it’s the teeth of the world that are evil and selfish. What the hell am I talking about?

Jonathan Land
Managing Editor
The Omen



Hampshire On The Road

When most people think of Hampshire students traveling across the country in a bus, they assume that Phish is somehow involved. If F95 student and spanking-new SID Kelly Cappa has her way, however, this stereotype will soon be overthrown by a reality: Hampshire On the Road, a vagabond unit of students touting alternative education to the inmates of high schools.

Hampshire On the Road (or “HOR” as Cappa amorally put it) was the brainchild of Cappa and F94 student Tuck Young. Conceived last semester, the project has evolved from a simple plot to have students represent Hampshire at their former high schools, to a Hampshire “Road Rules” composed of academically driven members traveling the country advocating progressive education. While the program still lacks funding, and is in need of staff/faculty advisors, the application process for HOR is well underway, with applications due February 14th.

Outlining her intentions for the project, Cappa said that HOR is looking for a combination of 7 to 15 students with a wide array of academic interests, communication skills, and “livability.” Planning to infiltrate high

schools through Hampshire alumni working in the system, Cappa hopes to use this as an entry point for other schools in the country. Intending to build off each success and thus expand the program, she plans on having a strong realization of HOR to present to Greg Prince and Audrey Smith, to garner all-important funding.

Fresh out of high school herself, Cappa attributes her part in HOR to a desire to stop having to explain “No, it’s not in New Hampshire,” and to share “experiential education at its best” with high school students who find something lacking in convention. She plans to kick off the program in Spring ‘97, having spent a great deal of time with the group working on group dynamics and the agenda they will present to the schools.

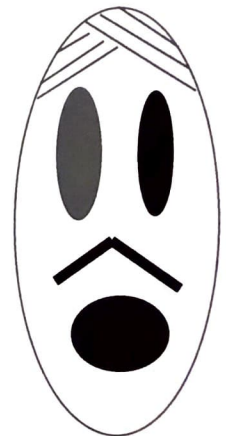
“Basically, the school would pick what would be done...we would show them what we have to offer, molecular biology, psychology...and they would tell us what they would like. We could teach from a + hour to a whole day.” Cappa intends to include a women’s self-esteem workshop in HOR’s roster.

When questioned about how she would cope with boisterous high school students,

Cappa viewed the question as a logical extension of the program. “I would use their frustration to show them that there isn’t just one way to teach...I would channel it into the program.”

With alternative education beginning to earn new respect in academia, Hampshire On the Road could be a valuable part of this acceptance. Interested students available for leave in Spring ‘97 are encouraged to apply. That is, if you can hack living in a van for three months, and hanging out with high school students.

Stephanie Cole





I Hate UMass!

Section Hate - 04 February, 1996

I hate UMass one hell of a lot.

I like their basketball team, though. That's something. Marcus Camby comes into D'Angelo's, where I work in town, kind of regularly— usually just after a home game, orders a large steak and cheese. He's a big boy with a big appetite and one mother of a tomahawk block.

But that is neither here nor there, as the saying goes. Barring the UMass Minutemen basketball team, I hate UMass, fairly unilaterally. I hate seeing it on the skyline as I'm driving to the mall or up 116 to go to the Whately Diner. I hate driving through Southwest, especially at night. I hate delivering to thankless dumb fucks who think that funneling a case of Bud is a major accomplishment and who also think that I am there to wait on them hand and foot, lick their faux-hiking boots and not deserve a tip. I hate the fact that the town of Amherst, like college towns everywhere, is completely and utterly dependent upon the University of Massachusetts financially. I hate having to go into horribly dirty and malodorous frat houses that make even the

condemned Donut 2 in Greenwich look like the Ritz. I hate the Greek system as a whole, on general principal — nepotism is all well and good, but old-boy networks are frighteningly closed-off and loyal to a fault. And I really hate the fact that UMass gets gobs more money than we do, to teach lusher-in-training who probably don't even appreciate the education they're receiving and who will, after the next party is over and they're stumbling home idiotically, vomit that education out along with the two slices of Antonio's they wolfed down two hours ago.

I'm sorry, am I buying into the stereotype? You bet your life, bucko, and I'm loving it.

You see, unless you work in Amherst, Northampton, or Hadley (and, let's face it, gentle reader, a fairly large portion of my Hampshire peers do not work at all, be it on-campus or off— thank God Daddy sends that check every week), you really have not experienced UMass at its finest. Oh, you can bitch and moan to me all you want about that intro-level Calculus class you took that had two hundred students in it and was taught by a TA from the grad school, and, you know, that does suck, and I'm so sorry for you— but, un-

less you have worked your ass off serving UMass students (primarily— we won't get into Amherst students now), unless you have heard the phrase "Hey, what's up guy?" so much you feel your ears will bleed, unless you have sucked up and dealt with 17,000 assholes because you can't afford to give them the finger and tell them to stick it where the sun don't shine . . . unless you have experienced all this, you just don't know. You just don't know the real UMass. And the real UMass is frightening.

Why? I hear you ask. Well, my little chickadee, the reason that UMass is frightening is because it is a good school. The level of education that one can receive at the flagship campus of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts university system is pretty damn high. UMass has been undervalued as an institution of higher learning, principally because it's a state school. But, like a lot of state schools out there, it has the money and the resources that smaller, private schools don't have. UMass got a \$6 million grant from the federal government to study polymers. I don't know exactly what polymers are, but that's damn

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Ok. The Minutemen Are Ok

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impressive.

UMass is frightening because it is a good school, and the students who go there do not appreciate it. (This is an over-broad generalization on my part, but, hell, that's never stopped me before.) UMass has a lot of money (although Governor Weld is constantly trying to cut UMass' funding to reduce the state budget— good idea, Bill, but the wrong way of implementing said idea), a lot of resources (over a million volumes in their main library— sure, it's falling apart, but it's got over a million volumes, compared to Hampshire's paltry 100,000, most of those books on the evolution of the flying disc or something), a lot of very good professors (and a lot of teaching assistants from the graduate programs, to be fair) and some very nice facilities (their Fine Arts Center, while being an aesthetically displeasing structure to behold with the naked eye, is large, has two theatres plus an auditorium, and actual storage space, a scene shop, a costume shop that actually has costumes... sorry, most of you probably don't care, but what can I say? I'm a theatre fuck). All of this being wasted on drunken frat boys and drunken sorority girls and a lot of other general idiots who couldn't find Florida on a map (it's that big piece of land sticking out from the bottom of the USA that looks like a penis— wait, what the hell do you mean,

"Where's the USA?").

I know I'm being unfair. There are plenty of people attending UMass who want to learn, who either couldn't afford a more expensive private school or decided that they wanted to stay close to home and, dammit, UMass was a good enough school. But I don't seem to run into those people that often. Maybe it's cause they don't order from D'Angelo's, I don't know. In my job, I run across the drunkest of the drunk, the dumbest of the dumb, and— yes, I must admit I'm intimidated—the biggest of the big. And I hate it. And I have to put up with it, because my parents can only barely afford to put me through Hampshire, even with the money the college is so graciously giving me, and they can't send me

money to live on. It's ultimately very frustrating.

So, there you have it: Section Hate's stumbling shuffle through the social and structural blight that is UMass. You got suggestions? questions? comments? hate mail? Send 'em my way, chucklebunny: box 21 (via traditional postal routes) or jobF92@hamp.hampshire.edu (via the more radical electronic postal routes). Or, hell, write for The Omen. We serve it up fresh for ya.

So, till next we meet in this corner of fecundity, remember, kiddies: keep your feet on the ground, but keep reaching for the stars.

Welcome to the University of Thpph.

Josh Brassard
Section Hate Editor

Yo G! Read The Constitution

After last week's Omenfest regarding the notorious show-down at the CRB Corral (and I hope to God folks, with little faith in the deity, that this is the last time I exercise my fingers writing about it), there remains little to be said about the issue. Of that little to be said, I would reserve some of it for myself, and comment on the rhetoric this case has foisted upon us.

From CRB Chair Glenna Alderson, to the editorial rantings of Section Hate Furor Josh Brassard, this case has been infused

with commentary on the First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution. In theory, this is a nice little nod at one of the fundamental principles of our nation. In practice, however, I find this tendency a dangerous misconception about "free speech," and how it plays into the private sector.

The First Amendment has nothing to do with this case. At

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The Constitution Continues

Continued from previous page

one level, this is because Hampshire is a private institution, free to evaluate the behavior of its members. At another level, this is because when speech unfolds within it a crime, it ceases to have protected status. What should have been discussed at the CRB is not whether certain chalked epithets were protected speech, but rather, if what was chalked violated Community Norms, using speech as a vehicle.

If this sounds sketchy, consider the things nasty speech can be used for: blackmail, slander, libel, death threats, politics. The realm of idea is protected until it so directly jeopardizes health and safety that it is a crime.

Historically, the problem has been the degree used to interpret words as threats. After all, the ideals now happily touted by MIM subscribers and those annoying socialists outside of SAGA were easily perceived as threatening by the disciples of the McCarthy era. Each case must be weighed on its own merits.

This was the task of the CRB: to decide if the "rape humorist" chalkers had crossed the line dividing legitimate thought from criminal (read: norm-violating) threat. As Hampshire has its own Constitution, there was no need for them to borrow the Federal Government's. There is no need to evoke the Constitution when

discussing this issue.

The irony being: these

days, we would probably have gotten a better deal from the Fed.

The Voice of America

Thoughts After Midnight

by Matthew Flaming

The Voice of America

It's summertime. I'm driving through the South with one of my oldest and best friends in the world, through North Carolina. The highway cuts through fields and occasional small towns. Towards sunset, we see a sign on the highway, pointing down a two-lane country road. The sign reads "The Voice of America." And for no reason at all—because we're not in a hurry to get where we're going—we turn down it, curious.

The road takes us through farmland, plowed tracts divided by stands of trees smothered in kudzu vine and moss. Now and then, we pass old farmhouses made of graying boards: some are abandoned and stripped to their skeletons. We drive on. I watch the colors of the sunset, and listen to the wind through the open window.

In one of the fields, there's an old family graveyard—no fence, no gate, just a dozen grave stones standing behind a house in a field of corn. The house isn't abandoned:

Thoughts After Midnight

there's an old Chevy parked in front of it, and I can see a light in one of the downstairs rooms. Farther along, the road takes us up a rise, on top of which there's a small church and two more houses. Then the road dips away, returning us to the main highway. No sign to tell us what the Voice of America was, or even what exactly we were looking for.

A hundred miles north, on the other side of the Virginia border, signs along the highway advertise the "Colonial Town" of Williamsburg for miles. "A Piece of America's Heritage," they say, "See the History of Our Nation." As we pull into the parking lot, the attendant takes our twenty six dollars, and gives us two passes into Old Town.

Williamsburg is a town turned into a tourist attraction. There, you can see at least an approximation of what life was like two hundred years ago. Actors in period costumes people the streets, and the various shops you can visit include a candle maker's a general store, a bak-

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Thoughts After Midnight Cont.

Continued from previous page

ery, and even a Hat Shoppe. A windmill creaks slowly on the outskirts of town, and although the public stocks in the square are bolted shut to prevent visitors from hurting themselves, they still resemble the real thing. Before you leave you can buy a bottle of Olde Cider or a set of color postcards to remember your visit by.

But leaving Williamsburg, I have a sour taste in my mouth. Maybe I'm just overly critical, but I can't manage to accept Old Williamsburg at face value.

Now, don't get me wrong here. I'm the last person to rail against edutainment, and I believe that a sense of history tainted by commercialism and Disney-packaging is still far better than no sense of history at all. I just have to wonder: with the voice of America that Old Williamsburg offers so loud and easy to see, who will listen to the other voice, the one that speaks quietly, in an abandoned field?

The voice and history that Williamsburg offers are simple and direct out of commercial necessity. But hearing that voice, it's also easy to dismiss it as trite and antiquated. Small wonder that fewer and fewer people believe in America in a time when the America we're offered is one composed of sound bites and happily-ever-afters.

I'm going to take a risk here. I'm going to tell you that

even after all the jargon, the cynical history, the useless wars, and the New World Order, I believe in America. I'm not talking about patriotism here. I'm simply talking about a few fundamental ideals: liberty, justice, and the pursuit of happiness, and before everything else, these are *spiritual* ideas, not political or economic ones.

That's the voice of America that I'm getting at. The voice that speaks softly, beneath a culture in crisis. The voice that makes our arguments and disavowals of this country possible. The voice that does not speak in answers, but in questions.

May 1995
Atlanta, Georgia

Heterogeneous Ed. Fails

First of all, I'd like to say that I wholeheartedly support homogeneous education (that is to say I think classes should be divided by intelligence.) Heterogeneous educational environments are a putrid situation also. Putting stupid people in classes with smart people frustrates the stupid people and holds back the smart people. On the other hand, I think homogeneous ideals hold up better on paper than in reality, (then again, what ideals don't) basically for the reason that it is difficult (read: impossible) to determine people's intelligence. Normal testing or grading procedures always result in stupidity and lack of motivation showing up the same. For instance, it's bad enough for me to end up in a class with Mongoloid brainless twits and super smart and/or motivated students because no one bothered to sort out the people by intelligence, but I think it's even a worse situ-

ation to end up in a class of brainless lower life-forms because they have sorted the unmotivated people with the stupid people. Clearly I am an extremely unmotivated person and this reflects in my grades and scores from throughout my life. This leaves me looking like a motivated stupid person, which I am clearly not. So I have spent my whole life in classes with people who are stupider than me, and judging by their intelligence I am much less motivated than I think (if "their" sorting is accurate at all). The reason this is bad is because stupid people and lazy people have different needs. The former need to be taught intelligence and the latter self-motivation. Now granted, I would sort of agree that neither of these things can really be "taught", but grouping these people together is detrimental to having them learn these things for themselves. The

Continued on next page

February's Calendar

African American Film Festival

Part of the Black History Month* Series.
Films will be shown:
Friday, Feb. 9 at 7:00pm
Sunday, Feb. 11 at 8:00 pm
Friday, Feb. 23 at 7:00 pm and
Sunday, Feb. 25 at 8:00 pm
>>All in FPH Main Lecture Hall

Judyie Al-Bilali

Theater artist and educator will conduct a workshop entitled "Creating Healing Rituals for the New Theater, Including Reading, Writing and Improvisational Movement and Sound." Monday, February 19 in the Lebron-Wiggins-Pran Cultural Center.

Student Organizations

Thanks to all of you who showed up at the Activities Fair. It was a great success! Don't forget to stop by the Student Activities Office to notify us of changes in signers or meeting times, or to receive support for your upcoming programs! We're off the Airport Lounge in the Library.

"The Marketplace"

The Student Activities Office schedules a variety of Vendors who sell goods in the Library in front of the Magic Boards. This month there will be jewelry and textile vendors from Feb. 5 - 7. Stay tuned for other vendors throughout the month!

Hampshire College

Children's Center Fund-Raiser
Saturday, Feb. 10 at 3:00 pm in the Red Barn. Storytelling by Rick Ujima Gordon and dancing by the Umoja Dance Co. Tickets are \$5.00 and may be obtained by calling x5076. A limited number of tickets are available to H.C. Students - contact anyone in Student Services (Bernice Gero, Theresa Gordon, Gina Longo, Carol Boardway or Gretchen Krull).

Education Ends

Continued from previous page

stupid people generally wander around in circles saying, "Gee, those people are smart," which generally leads to nothing. And the smart lazy people mosey around thinking, "Maybe I should do some work.... nah, I'm much smarter than these stupid people. I can chill for a while..." and then they eternally slack. This is certainly detrimental to everyone... or at least just to the smart people, and that's all that counts, even if they are lazy.

In fact, Jon bugged me for an article this week and I really didn't want to write an article (because of my aforementioned laziness) so I wrote this instead. I hope you enjoyed it. However, I feel if Jon is going to come to my room every week and give me a guilt trip to make

me write an article, can I not get a better title than "Contributor"? Some people hold editorial titles and don't even write once a month (let's not name names), no less once a week like myself. So maybe giving me some sort of real Omen responsibility would help me overcome my motivational problem, in spite of the presence of stupid people here. In fact they can help me with my problem because what else is the Omen for rather than complaining about stupid people? Anyway, until someone else does something stupid, or until next week, when Jon leaches an article out of me again...

SAGA inspired
treppanrant by: K,

Casey Nordell

February 1996

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
28 9-11 Sunday Morning Smoothies New Student Orientation	29 Returning Students Arrive 8-10 p Jazz & Dance New Student Orientation	30 3-5p CTEP Session 7-9 p Healthy Relationships 8p Sex & Selfhood	31 Classes Begin 6-9p Trip to the Mall 8-10p Dakin Open House Neg. Space Café	1 8:00pm Activities Fair 3:00pm Black History Month Celebration	2 9:00pm "The Remittance Men" - Celtic Music in the Tavern Course Selection Period Ends 7p Film Fest 4:00pm Stephen Scott Trio, YOUNG LION, Jazz &	3 7:00pm Trek and Movies 9:00 pm C.O.C.A. Coffeehouse in the Tavern Neg. Space Café
4 4:00pm Tu B'Sherat - Jewish tree ceremony & feast - Red Barn Jewelry Vendor	5 4:00pm Tu B'Sherat - Jewish tree ceremony & feast - Red Barn Jewelry Vendor	6 3:15 Community Council Meeting Jewelry Vendor	7 Neg. Space Café Jewelry & Textile	8 Neg. Space Café	9 Course Selection Period Ends 7p Film Fest 4:00pm Stephen Scott Trio, YOUNG LION, Jazz &	10 3 p Children's Center Fund-raiser 7:00pm Trek and Movies 9:30p Un-
11 8:00pm Film Fest	12 President's Day 7:00pm Creating Healing Rituals - Cultural Ctr. Admissions Open Campus	13 Valentine's Day Neg. Space Café	14 Valentine's Day Neg. Space Café	15 Non-Trad. Student Dinner - Tavern	16 Div.I Plan Deadline 9:00pm Fashion Show	17 7:00pm Trek and Movies 9:00p Anti-Imperialist Poets @ Negative Space Café
18 10:00am Black Hist. Month Community. Brunch - Cult. Ctr. 8:00pm Film Fest	19 President's Day 7:00pm Creating Healing Rituals - Cultural Ctr. Admissions Open Campus	20 Ash Wednesday Neg. Space Café	21 Ash Wednesday Neg. Space Café	22 Neg. Space Café	23 7:00pm Film Fest	24 8:30pm Tibetan New Year Cal-Red Barn 7:00pm Trek and Movies 9:30 Q.C.A.
25 10:00am Black Hist. Month Community. Brunch - Cult. Ctr. 8:00pm Film Fest	26 Admissions Open Campus	27 Neg. Space Café	28 Neg. Space Café	29 Alternative Music Collective Event (tent.)	1 7:00pm Trek and Movies Neg. Space Café	2 7:00pm Trek and Movies Neg. Space Café

The Omen

